

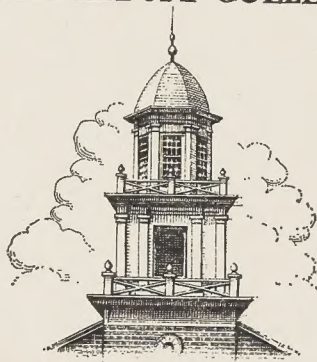
LOAF

COL

ISH

65

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE



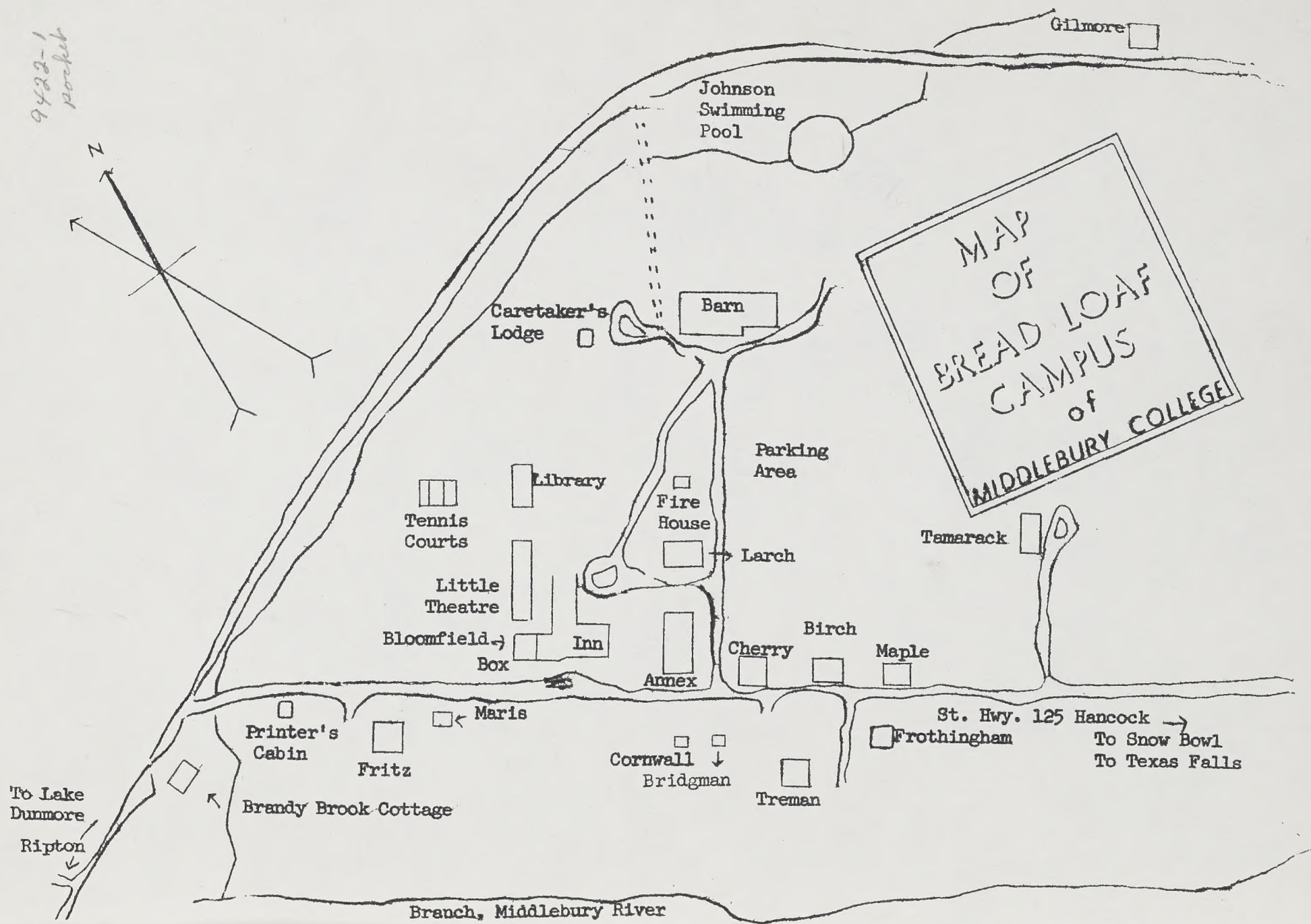
THE EGBERT STARR LIBRARY

Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt.

Bread Loaf School of English

The Crumb [and miscellaneous papers]

Spec. I
378,743
MIC 95
1965



BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENTS

1965

All matters relative to your room and board, mail, and any charges you may incur (apart from the regular bill for tuition, board and room) should be referred to Mr. Ross, Front Office Manager, at the INN DESK.

For details regarding the School, please make inquiry at the DIRECTOR'S OFFICE. All matters pertaining to your initial registration and payment of bills, information about courses, lectures, and graduate credit should be referred to the SECRETARY'S OFFICE. Mr. Cubeta and Miss Lillian Becker, Secretary, are the staff to whom you should bring your requests.

REGISTRATION PROCEDURE

Students should obtain confirmation of their courses from the Secretary's Office as soon after arrival at Bread Loaf as possible. Students who have not completed registration of courses in advance must consult with the Director. Appointments may be made with Miss Becker.

Registration is not completed until a registration card, a "notify in case of accident" card, and, in certain cases, an off-campus address card have been returned to the Secretary's Office. Please be sure to fill in the registration card on both sides.

A representative of the College Bursar's Office will be in the Blue Parlor on Wednesday, June 30. It is requested that all unpaid bills be attended to at this time. Receipts for bills paid in advance may be obtained in the Blue Parlor.

If you wish to change your status from that of a non-credit student to that of a credit student or vice versa in any course, this change must be made on or before July 4. All changes in courses must be made with the approval of the Director. For a change from one course to another, after July 5, a charge of one dollar will be made. All persons desiring to visit classes in which they are not enrolled should also obtain permission from the Director.

MAIL SCHEDULE

Outgoing mail closes at 9:00 A.M. and 2:00 P.M. Mail will be ready for distribution at the following hours: 10:30 A.M. and 3:30 P.M.

MEAL HOURS

In a day or two the regular seating plan will go into effect. Please consult the chart on the dining room door to ascertain your table assignments.

<u>Daily</u>		<u>Sunday</u>	
Breakfast	7:30-8:00 A. M.	Breakfast	8:00-8:30 A. M.
Luncheon	1:00-1:15 P. M.	Dinner	1:00-1:15 P. M.
Dinner	6:00-6:15 P. M.	Supper	6:00-6:15 P. M.

Since all the waiters and waitresses are students, it is urgently requested that students come to meals promptly, especially to breakfast, so that those who are waiting on table may be able to reach their classes on time. In the morning the door will be closed at 8:00. No students may be served breakfast after that time. Please do not ask the head waiter to make exceptions to this regulation. He has no authority to do so.

SUPPLIES

Stationery, notebook paper, pencils, ink, etc., may be purchased at the Bookstore, post cards at the Front Desk, and cigarettes at the Snack Bar. Credit cannot be extended.

BOOKSTORE

Students should purchase their texts immediately, because it is frequently necessary to order additional copies. It is not possible for students to maintain charge accounts at the Bookstore. Bookstore hours will be announced soon. The Bookstore is open on Registration Day.

BREAD LOAF PARKING REGULATIONS

A preliminary notice concerning parking has been made in the bulletin. Stringently enforced state laws prohibit the parking of cars on the side of the highway, and it is requested that students and guests endeavor to keep the roads clear in front of the Inn. Faculty at Maple and students at Tamarack may park their cars on the lawn under the trees by the main road. All other students should use the parking space near the Barn.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENTS

The first meeting of the 1965 session of the Bread Loaf School of English will be held June 30 in the Little Theatre at 8:15 P.M. An informal reception will be held in the Recreation Hall in the Barn following the preliminary meeting in the Little Theatre.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH 1965

MEAL HOURS:

	<u>Daily</u>		<u>Sunday</u>
*Breakfast	7:30-8:00	Breakfast	8:00-8:30
Luncheon	1:00-1:15	Dinner	1:00-1:15
Dinner	6:00-6:15	Supper	6:00-6:15

*Saturday breakfast will be served from 8:00 to 8:30

Dietitian: Miss Katherine Pellerin Head Waiter: Mr. Eugene Angus

INVITATION: Sunday after-dinner coffee is served in the Blue Parlor

MAIN DESK: Mr. Richard Ross and Mrs. Hilde Ross, Front Office Managers; Messrs. Chuck Towle and Michael Black
Weekdays and Saturdays: 8:00 a.m.-8:00 p.m. (Switchboard open until 10:00 p.m.)
Sundays: 9:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m.; 7:00-8:00 p.m. (Switchboard open until 10:00 p.m.)

POST OFFICE: Open weekdays and Saturdays from 8:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m.
Closed Sunday

Outgoing mail should be posted by 8:00 a.m. and 4:00 p.m.

Incoming mail is ready for distribution at 10:00 a.m. and 5:30 p.m.

LIBRARY: Miss Ruth Pillsbury, librarian; Miss Ara Golman, assistant
Weekdays: 8:15-12:30 p.m.; 2:00-5:00 p.m.; 7:15-10:00 p.m.
Saturday: 9:00-12:00 noon; 2:00-4:00 p.m.
Sunday: 9:00-12:00 noon; 7:15-10:00 p.m.
The library will be closed Saturday evening, Sunday afternoon, and during all special lectures as announced.

BOOKSTORE: Mr. Michael Black, manager
Weekdays: 8:00-9:30 a.m.; 1:30-2:30 p.m.
Saturday: 9:00-10:00 a.m.

SNACK BAR: Misses Pat Gaul and Barbara Gibb
Daily: 8:30 a.m.-11:00 p.m.

CLINIC: Mrs. Helene Luther, nurse. Infirmary in Room 2, Birch.
Weekdays: 8:00-8:30 a.m.; 1:45-2:15 p.m.; 6:45-7:15 p.m.
Saturday: 8:30-9:00 a.m.; 1:45-2:15 p.m.; 6:45-7:15 p.m.
Sunday: 8:30-9:00 a.m.; 2:00-2:30 p.m.; 6:45-7:15 p.m.

DIRECTOR'S OFFICE: Mr. Cubeta is on call at all times. Appointments can be made through Miss Becker.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE: Miss Lillian Becker
Weekdays: 8:15 a.m.-12:45 p.m.; 1:45-2:45 p.m.
Saturday: 8:30 a.m.-12:30 p.m.

TAXI: Trips are made Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons. The charge is \$1.00 round trip, payable at start. Leave Bread Loaf Inn at 1:45 p.m.; arrive Middlebury at 2:05 p.m. Leave Middlebury at Rexall Drug Store at 3:45 p.m.; arrive at Bread Loaf at 4:05 p.m. The taxi will leave both stations at the above times and cannot wait for stragglers.

DRY CLEANING AND LAUNDRY: Information available later this week.

TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH: (1) Telephone calls: (a) A pay station for outgoing calls is on the first floor of the Inn at the foot of the stairs near the Bookstore. The number is 802 388-9348. All students must use this phone. (b) Incoming calls for Bread Loaf residents are handled through the Middlebury exchange: 802 388-4941. (c) EXCEPT IN AN EMERGENCY, PLEASE HAVE INCOMING CALLS PLACED BEFORE 10:00 p.m., AT WHICH TIME THE SWITCHBOARD CLOSES. Students should check mail boxes several times daily for messages and notices of calls, especially around meal times.

(2) Telegrams: Information available later this week.

STUDENTS WHO ARE TO BE AWAY SHOULD INFORM THE DIRECTOR OF THE SCHOOL OR THE MAIN DESK AND LEAVE AN ADDRESS OR TELEPHONE NUMBER WHERE THEY CAN BE REACHED.

MEMO TO STAFF MEMBERS

Treman Cottage is available this year as a staff lounge where the staff can gather for drinks and conversation before dinner and at any time during the evening.

At 5:15 each day a supply of set-ups, soft drinks, coffee, and snacks will be available. A small amount of alcoholic beverages will be on hand for guests of the School, but the consensus of the staff is that individuals should supply their own bottles to use as they prefer. In this way members can occasionally invite guests to join them. If members will put their names on their bottles with the Magic Marker, they will be kept locked in the liquor cabinet until social hour times.

After dinner each evening coffee will be available for those who would like a final cup before the night's work.

David Sanders, resident of Treman and steward for the lounge, will try to supply whatever you need. We hope the new service of a staff lounge will be a pleasant addition to your Broad Leaf experience.

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
1965 - General Statistics

Student attendance by states:
(according to winter address)

California	2
Colorado	1
Connecticut	12
Delaware	2
District of Columbia	4
Florida	2
Georgia	2
Illinois	8
Indiana	6
Kansas	1
Kentucky	1
Maine	5
Maryland	6
Massachusetts	35
Michigan	2
Minnesota	2
Missouri	2
New Hampshire	14
New Jersey	10
New Mexico	2
New York	38
North Carolina	2
Ohio	5
Oklahoma	2
Pennsylvania	27
Rhode Island	2
South Carolina Texas	4
Vermont	19
Virginia	3
Wisconsin	2
Canada	2

(29 states & D.C. represented)

Attendance by courses:

Teaching of Eng. for adv. stu.	15
" " " " " "	21
The craft of poetry	30
Stagecraft	45
History of the Eng. language	26
Eng. Romantic poetry	29
Yeats and Eliot	44
Shakespeare	30
Milton	16
Swift and Pope	28
Character in the Eng. novel	35

Total faculty load:

Anderson -	26
Arrowsmith -	64
Bloom -	64
Connelly -	89

Nelson -	40
Nims -	51
Lanigan -	36
Potter -	45

Total student attendance	225
NDEA Institute	50
Men students	119
Women students	106
Former students	124
New students	101
Candidates for a Midd. M.A.	190
Pre-1960 B.A. or B.S. (incl. -1960)	114
Post-1960 B.A. or B.S. (incl. 1960)	111
Undergraduates	1
Number of colleges represented	143
Off-campus students	38
Scholarship students	7
Seniors	32
Prospective 1966 seniors	34
Auditors	8
Working for 8 credits	8
" " 7 "	45
" " 6 "	134
" " 4 "	26
" " 2 "	3
Number of course changes made	84
" who changed from 6 cr. to 4	26
Modern European fiction	45
Hawthorne	29
The Age of Donne	24
Problems in the Vict. prose wr.	21
Rom. trad. in Amer. poetry	35
Modern drama	38
The European lyric	21
Sophocles and Euripides	36
Form in ancient literature	28
Dickinson	30

Price -	63
Sypher -	51
Volkert -	38
Waggoner -	59

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH (32) 29 at graduation
1965 Seniors 3 in absentia

Eugene Irving Angus	Mary Margaret Sherry (President)
Emma Francello Argulewicz	Mary Elizabeth Staniels
Sorel Faith Berman	Alfred Einar Stevens
Rose Marie Brennan	Hal C. Tobin
Margaret Olausen Center (In absentia)	Charles Angelo Vigilante
Francis Colton Compton	Ernest Russell Wall
Donna Mae Fitzgerald	Marian Louise Warren (In absentia)
Elizabeth Ruster Flagler	Sandra Eden Winslow
Nancy Corinne Gimmetad	David Arthur Wright
1) Richard Paul Goldman (Marshall)	James Arthur Wright
Judith Rae Gordon	
Joan Elaine Kelley	
Natalie Jeannine LeMoine	
Hugh Thomas McGracken	
Cornelius Thomas McMahon	
Donald John Miner (In absentia)	
Robert Baylis Palmer	
2) Duane Alan Paluska (Marshall)	
Barbara Gail Parmelee	
Karen Ann Pinter	
Jean Ardith Richards	
Theresa G. Seman	

The Bread Loaf School of English

First-year Students - 1965 (101)

Aldrich, Edward	Galland, Nancy
Aswell, Mary	Gilligan, Rev. John
*Baker, Jean	Gilman, Victoria
Baker, Suellen	Graham, John
Bass, Thomas	Gray, Mr. Sherrard
Batchelder, Nathaniel	Hamilton, David
Baxter, Nancy	Hanley, Mrs. Jayne
Behr, Thomas	Hanley, Mr. Shannon
*Best, Mrs. Mary	*Haskell, John
Carroll, Mrs. Jane	*Hazen, Donald
*Cazalet, Joseph	Meskett, Carol
Childs, Cornelia	Hinton, Charles
Clough, William	Ingoldsby, Roger
Coe, Mrs. Barbara	James, Miss Scherer
Cole, Peter	*Johnson, Walter
*Compton, Mrs. Carol	Jones, Kenneth
Cooney, John	Jones, Marilyn
*Coughlin, James	*Kelly, Thomas
Cox, Miss M. Nash	Kelsey, Raymond
Cusack, Rev. Donald	Knight, Linda
*Dale, Roland	*Knowlton, Mrs. Barbara
deVette, Mrs. Helen	Knox, Alice
Easterling, Jack	Krohn, Charles
*Fowler, Larry	*Larson, Theodore
Freeman, Robert	Lewis, Mrs. Janette
*Frome, Sheldon	
*NDEA Institute	

1965 First-year Students - 2

*Lipschultz, Janet

Lozano, Hubert

*McConnell, Mrs. Jeannette

McKeachie, William

McNair, Wesley

*Martin, Charles

Melville, Joan

Merod, James

Meyer, Herbert

*Miller, Donald

Moore, Robert

Morelli, John

Morgan, Barbara

Moustakis, Christina

Murray, Jeanne

*Pasanen, John

*Perry, John

Person, Suzanne

*Pole, Mrs. Elizabeth

Powell, Henry

Pratt, Charles

Reid, Linda

Reilly, Albert

Richardson, James

Ringer, Robert

*NDEA Institute

Roberson, Robert

Romano, Robert

*Sanders, Peter

Schaberg, Helen

*Schoffstall, Peter

*Shaffort, Charles

Sipr, Anthony

*Skinner, Vincent

Small, Edward

Smith, Catherine

Somaini, Raymond

Stern, Mrs. Adele

Strucko, John

Swartley, Betty

*Tadler, William

Thomas, Stephen

*Thornton, David

*Trimmer, Donald

*True, Jean

Urban, Kristin

*Watson, Jean

*White, Lucille

*Wood, George

Wooster, Carlene

*Wright, Richard

Colleges Represented at Bread Loaf - 1965 (Total 143)

Acad. of the New Church
Adelphi
Albertus Magnus (2)
Albany State Coll.
Albion

American Univ.

Amherst

Blackburn Coll. (2)

Bob Jones U.

Boston Coll. (7)

Bowdoin

Brooklyn Coll. (2)

Brown U.

Bryn Mawr

Butler U.
Carleton Coll.
Catawba Coll.

Carroll Coll.

Chatham Coll.

Colby

Colgate

Coll. of N. Rochelle

Conn. Coll. for Women

Cornell (3)

Dartmouth (6)

DePauw (3)

Dickinson Coll. (3)

Duke (4)

Earlham

East Carolina Coll.

Edinboro Coll. (Pa.)

Emory Univ.

Emporia St. Tchrs. Coll.

Evansville Coll.

Fairfield Univ.

Fordham Univ.

Franklin and Marshall Coll. (2)

Frostburg St. Coll.

Geneva Coll.

Gettysburg Coll.

Goucher Coll. (2)

Hamilton Coll.

Harvard (3)

Haverford

Hobart Coll.

Houghton Coll.

Hunter Coll.

Indiana St. Coll.

Indiana Univ.

Kansas St. Tchrs. Coll.

Keene St. Tchrs. Coll. (2)

Kenyon Coll.

King's Coll. (Pa.) (2)

Lindenwood Coll.

Longwood Coll.

Loyola Coll.	Queens Coll.
Lycoming Coll.	Regis Coll.
Mass. St. Univ. (4)	St. John's Univ.
McGill Univ. (2)	St. Mary of the Springs (2)
Michigan State Univ.	St. Mary's (Mundelein, Ill.) (2)
Merrimack Coll. (2)	St. Louis Univ.
Middlebury (4)	St. Olaf Coll.
Millersville St. Coll.	St. Paul's Coll. (D. C.)
Missouri Valley Coll.	San Francisco St. Coll.
Montclair St. Coll.	Seton Hall Univ.
Moorhead St. Coll.	Shippensburg St. Coll. (4)
Moravian Coll.	Smith
Mt. Holyoke (3)	St. Univ. of Iowa
Mt. St. Mary's Coll.	Stonehill Coll.
Mt. Union Coll.	Suffolk Univ.
Muskingum Coll.	Susquehanna Univ.
Newcomb Coll. (Tulane)	Syracuse (4)
New Paltz St. U. Coll.	Temple Univ.
N. Y. Univ. (2)	Texas A. and I.
Northern St. Coll. (S. D.)	Trinity
Northwestern	Tufts
Oberlin	U. of Bridgeport
Ohio St. Univ. (2)	U. of California (2)
Ohio Wesleyan Univ.	U. of Denver
Oswego St. Coll.	U. of Eastern N. Mexico
Paterson St. Coll.	U. of Kentucky
Pembroke Coll.	U. of Maine (2)
Pa. St. Univ.	U. of Manitoba
Piedmont Coll.	
Plymouth Tchrs. Coll. (3)	
Princeton (6)	

U. of Maryland

~~U. of Mass~~

U. of Miami (2)

U. of Minnesota

U. of New Hampshire

U. of N. Mexico

U. of N. Carolina (2)

U. of Oklahoma

U. of Pennsylvania (3)

U. of Pittsburgh (2)

U. of Rochester

U. of St. Thomas

U. of Tennessee

U. of Vermont (9)

U. of Virginia

Utica Coll.

Vassar (2)

Washington & Lee Univ.

Wellesley

Wesleyan Univ.

Westchester St. Coll.

Western Ill. Univ.

Wheaton Coll. (Ill.) (2)

Wheelock Coll. (2)

William and Mary

Williams (2)

Wisconsin St. Coll.

Yale (6)

1965 Schedule of Classes

Except for Stagecraft and Modern Drama, all classes will be held in the Barn.

Please cooperate with our request that there be no smoking in the classrooms.

8:30 A. M.

3A	Teaching of English for Advanced Students	Miss Lanigan	Room 4
9	History of the English Language	Mr. Anderson	Room 6
37	Modern European Fiction	Mr. Connelly	Room 1
70	Hawthorne	Mr. Waggoner	Room 2
82	Problems in the Victorian Prose Writers	Mr. Sypher	Room 3
7b	Stagecraft	Mr. Potter	Little Theater

9:30 A. M.

11	English Romantic Poetry	Mr. Bloom	Room 1
34	Character in the English Novel	Mr. Price	Room 2
80	The Age of Donne	Mr. Nelson	Room 4
111	The European Lyric	Mr. Nims	Room 3
113	Rhetorical Form in Ancient Literature	Mr. Arrowsmith	Room 6
93	Modern Drama	Mr. Volkert	Little Theater

10:30 A. M.

3B	Teaching of English for Advanced Students	Miss Lanigan	Room 3
14	Yeats and Eliot	Mr. Connelly	Room 2
28	Shakespeare	Mr. Sypher	Room 6
114	Dickinson	Mr. Waggoner	Room 1

11:30 A. M.

5	The Craft of Poetry	Mr. Nims	Room 6
32	The Age of Milton	Mr. Nelson	Room 4
33	Swift and Pope	Mr. Price	Room 3
83	The Romantic Tradition in American Poetry	Mr. Bloom	Room 1
112	Sophocles and Euripides	Mr. Arrowsmith	Room 2

The Bread Loaf School of English

Program for the 1965 Session

Wednesday, June 30	Opening Exercises: Introductory Talks by Dr. Freeman and Mr. Cubeta	Little Theater, 8:15 P.M.
Monday, July 12	James I. Armstrong: Homer - the Art of Oral Poetry	Little Theater, 7:30 P.M.
Sunday, July 18	John Ciardi: Dante	Little Theater, 7:30 P.M.
Monday, July 19	John Ciardi: Teaching Poetry	Little Theater, 7:30 P.M.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, July 22, 23, and 24	Scenes from <u>Heracles</u> and <u>Othello</u> ; Pinter's <u>A Slight Ache</u>	Little Theater, 8:30 P.M.
Monday, July 26	Dudley Fitts: On Translating the Classics	Little Theater, 7:30 P.M.
Monday, August 2	William Meredith: Poetry Reading	^{Theater} Little Reading, 7:30 P.M.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday - August 5, 6, and 7	Anouilh's <u>Becket</u>	Little Theater, 8:30 P.M.
Monday, August 9	Roger Shattuck: French Avant Garde	Little Theater, 7:30 P.M.
Saturday, August 14	Commencement Exercises	Little Theater, 8:15 P.M.

Memorial Tribute to Elizabeth Drew

Bread Loaf School of English
July 29, 1965

George Anderson
Donald Davidson

Ruth Pillsbury
Kenneth Connelly

We gather here tonight as friends of Elizabeth Drew to commemorate the spirit of a noble and gracious lady who served as an honored member of the Bread Loaf faculty for sixteen summers, from 1941 to 1964. Elizabeth Drew loved Bread Loaf and was beloved by her students and her colleagues, four of whom will join in a few words of tribute to her.

Paul M. Cubeta

ELIZABETH joined the staff of Bread Loaf in 1941. The session that summer was the largest in numbers in the history of Bread Loaf, with 231 students, and this record total is affirmed by the survival of an enormous panoramic photograph which encompassed all the students, faculty, and guests of the Inn. There in the front row, sitting erect and dignified as always, appears the slim, slight lady that we have known and loved. For sixteen summers thereafter she came here to teach; and when she did not teach, she came here other summers to be in residence, writing, advising, and resting from her teaching. There is no doubt, for she often said so, that Smith College, English literature, and Bread Loaf were the three great realities of her life.

HER courses here in contemporary poetry, with special emphasis on Yeats, Eliot, and Auden, in the modern novel, and occasionally in the modern drama, were models of their kind. Without subtracting one iota from her scholarly self, she succeeded in that achievement rare among present-day teachers: she inspired her students with a sure understanding and liking for the literature she taught, and she taught that literature with undisguised enjoyment. She became one of the exceedingly few of whom it could be said, "for she is Bread Loaf, and Bread Loaf is she." Hundreds of students have thus identified her.

I believe that I am paying Elizabeth the highest of compliments when I say that she was the dedicated teacher, scholar, and critic, the professional and not the amateur. It would be impossible to assess fairly the amount of time and effort she gave to her profession, for it could never be calculated on the basis of hours spent in the classroom or lecture-hall, or even in the study. Until her health began to fail, she was available at all times to any student and was always courteous, sympathetic, and helpful toward those who approached literature with love and humility. Only toward the insincere, the adolescent, and the bumptious was she severe, for in private she never suffered fools gladly. I remember her characterization of an

aggressive, wise-cracking member of this community by a phrase, couched in impeccable English, which certainly belongs to the historical tradition of Bread Loaf. But to the deserving she was the essence of kindness and comfort. Who, having attended them, will forget her seminar on Eliot's Four Quartets, held after hours in Frothingham parlor, volunteered by Elizabeth over and above her normal teaching load simply because "there have been some questions raised in class about it?"

I shall conform to the practice of the rest of us this evening by reading something from Elizabeth's writings, as the others will read something about her or something that she especially liked. I have chosen an excerpt from her address to the graduating class of 1962 here at Bread Loaf, which she entitled "On Not Waiting for Godot." These commencement addresses, taken by and large, comprise a set of distinguished essays, and among the many excellent ones Elizabeth's three (in 1943, 1953, and 1962) are among the best. They are characterized by the same clarity, the same insight, the same sanity and courageous serenity that she brought to her classes and lived in her life.

"Tragedy has always accepted human failure and impotence, but it was always failure after a fight; conflict was its heart and hub. The characters always believed in something, either good or evil. And what is most puzzling, I find, about the movement known as the "Theater of the Absurd" and its kindred branches in the Hipsters and the Beats, is the shock of these writers at discovering that life now has no meaning. I do not know at what period life ever had any meaning apart from that which the mind of man has put into it. It is, after all, man who has created all his many religions, his myths, his philosophies, his ethical ideas, his languages, his political and social institutions--all the ways in which he has related himself to his God, to his society, and to his fellow human beings.

"These are all very imperfect, it is true, but they contain all the affirmations of the human race to put in the balance against its despairs,

and in our own literature we possess at least three thousand years of this tradition; a tradition in which all these things are mirrored and interpreted; all the mess and the muddle and the horror and all the patience and courage and love.

"We who teach are fortunate, because it is that mirror world with which we are concerned in our jobs. We all have our particular forms of personal escape and consolation: the bridge-table, detective fiction, tobacco, the countryside, sports, the company of our friends; but our central vocation, in spite of its drudgeries and in spite of our own ignorance and impotence, opens an escape not out of life but into a more intense kind of living. Our materials are not only about all the multitudinous seas of human experience but are in themselves the only man-made things that do not change, that have intrinsic order and proportion and harmony: they are works of art."

My first acquaintance with Elizabeth Drew was in the early nineteen-forties when she joined the faculty of the Bread Loaf School of English. In those years "Frothingham" cottage was for a while used as a faculty house. Mrs. Davidson and I were assigned a room there, with Miss Drew, William Dighton of Queens College, and Donald Stauffer of Princeton. Miss Jessie Frothingham, owner of the cottage, was resident as our gracious hostess.

It was ~~then~~ then we learned what heroism can mean in the academic environment of Bread Loaf. Already at that time Elizabeth Drew was plagued with terrifying migraine headaches. They might have conquered a less ardent, less gallant soul. ~~When~~ When Elizabeth Drew sat alone, as she frequently did, looking at the meadow from the window balcony of her room, quiet through the hours of the long northern twilight, we knew that she was probably suffering great pain; the dark hours of night-time must have been even harder to bear. But in her public appearances, whether at her table in the dining room, or among friends for talk, or in the lecture room, ~~all~~ no hint of this suffering appeared. She was the bright spirit ~~we~~ all of us have known, companionable always, good-humored, witty, high-hearted, high-minded.

What sustained her we cannot ever fully know. Not material welfare, not ~~her~~ academic ambition, surely. It must have been devotion to some cause to which she had dedicated her life. And I think it was the cause of literature--devotion to the poetry, the fiction, the great works of art that she loved so much and taught so well. It was this devotion that I had in mind when I came to write the few lines of verse I am now about to read. I was asked to write them for a party given to Miss Drew last summer, at the close of the English School session, on August 8th, by her faculty colleagues, ~~and~~ members of the Bread Loaf staff, and other friends. In speaking for them, as I was requested to do, I felt I was also speaking, in a sense, for the poets and other writers whose cause she had upheld and who would have joined in the tribute of the occasion if they could have been present.

A Toast: From Bread Loaf to Elizabeth Drew

Could Yeats and Eliot be at hand,
How gladly with us would they stand
And raise a glass of praise to her,
The poets' best interpreter;
And many more, owning their debt,
To lips that know their music yet,
Would throng our paths and bring their dues
From Cam or Thames or far Vaucluse.
How blest are we this day to be
In such immortal company
With voices warm and audible
To swell that choir invisible;
To drink your health this August day
And with affection's ^{tongue} ~~words~~ to say:
While Bread Loaf stands and God still gives us breath,
Forever will we praise ELIZABETH.

--Donald Davidson

Ruth Pillsbury - July 29, 1965
Memorial Tribute to Elizabeth Drew

Many of us here tonight have had the experience of coming to love Elizabeth Drew first as a teacher and then as a friend. I think I must have been the first person in this group to have this experience. Her first year at Bread Loaf was 1941; mine was 1942, and that was the summer that I took her course in modern poetry. She had not then narrowed it down to Yeats and Eliot; it included Auden, Hart Crane, Wallace Stevens, who I believe is still mystifying the campus this summer, and a number of others whose work was so completely new to me that it seemed they were writing in a foreign language. During the summer I spoke to her of my perplexity, and she was kind as she ~~always~~ was about students' difficulties, but I was not the only perplexed student and I did not realize that she had remembered me until the night of the graduation banquet when she stopped me as I was waiting on table to tell me that I had written a good examination paper. This recollection and concern were completely characteristic of her. Last winter when she knew that her teaching career was over, she wrote me something that I cannot quote exactly, but it was to the effect that her greatest comfort was the knowledge that she had been able to awaken many people to a deeper understanding and love of literature. Then she added, "You too can feel that kind of satisfaction." I mention this undeserved compliment because these two instances, from the first and the last years that I knew her, seem to me a perfect illustration of her thought for others, her generosity and graciousness.

Even before that incident at the end of 1942 I had come to love her as a teacher. Listening to her lectures seemed to me a real esthetic experience. She was a rather formal lecturer; I do not think she liked being interrupted, though she accepted questions and disagreements with her invariable courtesy; but the rest of the class liked the interruptions even less, for each lecture was perfectly shaped and polished, exactly 50 minutes or sometimes 49 in length, full of insight and no less full of wit, and her lovely voice enhanced the pleasure of listening to her lucid sentences.

In my senior year I had enough credits so that I had to take only two courses and so had a little more leisure than I had had before. That was the year that I came to know Elizabeth Drew as a bridge player. She was living in Frothingham, then a faculty residence, and with two others we played there almost every evening during the summer. This routine, or I might almost call it a ritual, went on for over fifteen years. I do not consider this a trivial topic, nor would she, for she alluded to it in the beginning of her 1953 commencement address, which I quote: "How many Commencement addresses before this have celebrated what Bread Loaf brings! How it bridges the time between unwelcome duties, in an atmosphere where stimulus and relaxation are partners; a place where we can spade up a sound defense by doubling our strength in hearts, to withstand the possible clubs of fate, and the only too certain void in diamonds; how it slams the door grandly on dummy fears, and bids us be invulnerable to the tricks of fortune!" She was a fine bridge player, a polite loser and a jubilant, though still polite, winner. Sometimes I think that the gathering of four people around a bridge table, two of them steadily concentrating on outwitting the two others and enjoying the pleasures of both partnership and opposition, was the kind of sociability she most enjoyed, though I am sure that her unfailing graciousness could make one believe that any gathering she was in at the moment was the kind she most enjoyed. Most of you can remember walking through the blue parlor after dinner and seeing her sitting there erect and completely intent on her hand; those of us who played with her can remember her "pish" when she failed to take a trick she was counting on, the shrug with which she would throw out a card when she knew that any lead was utterly hopeless, and the "Well played," with which she would commend either partner or opponent - but only if it was deserved. Mamie Oliver was the other regular player in a game that has had many fourths; frequently when they were partners, after a run of bad hands, Mamie would say, "All right, Miss Drew, just sit there and let them take the rubber." I doubt if anyone else ever talked to Miss Drew that way, and I think she loved it. Those games were an important part of the pleasure Bread Loaf gave us, and I am glad to think they were a part of the pleasure Bread Loaf gave her.

I still consider myself a Bread Loaf student, though I have audited courses for much longer than I took them for credit, and I think I am qualified to say that Bread Loaf has had many more than its numerically proportionate share of great teachers. Of all these, Elizabeth Drew has been the one great lady, a title which includes her qualities both of mind and of heart. To me and to many others, she personified ~~everything~~ the graceful and the gracious - in her face, her carriage, her dress, her speech, her manner on the lecture platform and off it, her exquisite courtesy, her interest in people and her way of remembering and asking about their problems and concerns and families and ailments from year to year.

When I was asked to speak as a student of Miss Drew's, it seemed to me that I should be not only an individual but a representative, so in this past week I have been asking former students about their outstanding impressions of her. They have said, "Her wit;" "Her kindness in helping me with my own poetry;" "Her mastery of the English language;" "Her compassionate understanding;" but I think perhaps the best of all tributes was the remark which a former Bread Loaf student, who had not been here or seen Miss Drew for ten years, made to me last winter, and which I am sure sums up the experience of many of us: "It was wonderful to find that a person so eminent could be so warm."

Elizabeth Drew was born in Singapore, raised in London and the English countryside, was a scholar at Oxford, a teacher and wife and mother in Cambridge, England, who loved to summer in Switzerland; these and many others were the rich vistas of her life, but there was none so dear to her, so completely the vista of home as that from the porch of Maple at Bread Loaf.

But Bread Load was more than a beloved scene. It is an institution in which she passionately believed and which claimed her loving interest to the end. In the last months she was happy in the confidence she felt for its future.

And, above all, it was people. During the last months letters arrived continuously from Bread Loafers and I recall she said to me half-humorously, "Nothing sh bolsters my self-esteem as the dear possession of friends I can so esteem."

Elizabeth, with typical foresight, suspected such an evening as this, and chose a poem to be read with which I'd like to close this remembrance.

Not on sad Stygian shore, nor in clear sheen
Of far Elysian plain, shall we meet those
Among the dead whose pupils we have been,
Nor those great shades whom we have held as foes;
No meadow of asphodel our feet shall tread,
Nor shall we look each other in the face
To love or hate each other being dead,
Hoping some praise, or fearing some disgrace.
We shall not argue, saying " 'Twas thus," or ~~thm~~ "thus,"
Our ~~whisk~~ argument's whole drift we shall forget;
Who's right, who's wrong, 'twill be all one to us;
We shall not even know that we have met.
 Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again,
 Where dead men meet, on lips of living men.

Kenneth Connelly

FACULTY PRODUCTION STAFF

Erie T. Volkert	Director
Chandler A. Potter	Scene Designer
Douglas Maddox	Technical Director
John G. Cotter	Assistant Director

STUDENT PRODUCTION STAFF

Larry Fowler, head	Lights
Virginia Coale, assistant	

Donald Hazen, head	Construction
Judith Gordon, assistant	

Peter Sanders, head	Painting
Ludlow North, assistant	

Elizabeth Pole, head	Properties
James Coughlin, assistant	

Theodore Larson, head	Sound
Susan Paluska, assistant	

Jean Watson, head	Costumes
Robert Bourdette, assistant	

Mary Best	Lyris Hyatt	Ushers
Jayne Hanley	Walter Johnson	
Barbara Hinton	Robert Kauffman	Charles Martin

Jean Baker, head	Make-up
Vincent Skinner, assistant	

Acknowledgments: To Mr. Arrowsmith for his reworking of his translation of HERACLES; to the Waybury Inn for loan of certain properties; to Mr. Johnson and his staff for custodial assistance; to Shannon Hanley for special music in A SLIGHT ACHE; to N. E. Telephone Co. for inter-communication system.

This production is a part of the program of the Institute in Dramatic Arts and Literature this summer at the Bread Loaf School of English.

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Presents

HERACLES

By Euripides

Translated by William Arrowsmith

OTHELLO

By William Shakespeare

A SLIGHT ACHE

By Harold Pinter

Bread Loaf Little Theater

July 22, 23, 24

1965

8:30 P. M.

HERACLES
(Part II)

Messenger	Kenneth Connelly
Chorus	Jay Engel
Amphitryon	Peter Schoffstall
Heracles	David Thornton
Theseus	Charles Shaffert
Heracles' Wife	Judith Gordon
Heracles' Sons	Philip, David, and James Cubeta

Scene: Before the palace of Heracles in Thebes

Director: Erie T. Volkert
Stage Manager: Lucille White
Assistant Stage Manager: John Pasanen

Introduction: In subject Euripides' Heracles is a transvaluation showing in two distinct "panels"--the first melodramatic and traditional, the second tragic and untraditional--how Heracles' old outward aristocratic courage becomes true inward moral courage. Heracles discovers the strength to live in a world which has made his life meaningless, and which effectively tells him to die. Encouraged by the love of Theseus and Amphitryon, Heracles asserts the human demand for order and meaning in the teeth of his experience and the nature of the world. Nothing in his experience or the world corresponds to his demand that the gods should be perfect; it is a demand arising solely from his own, and human, nature. Man survives, says Euripides, in an alien or hostile universe only by asserting his own need for purity and order, and this act of survival gives him the tragic victory over "Hera" and the universe. Heracles wins for man the moral victory over his own fate claimed by Amphitryon when he cries out to Zeus, "And I, mere man, am nobler than you, a great God!" To a Theseus still rooted in the old outworn heroism, Heracles asserts the dignity of what he suffers--"I live--am I so low?"--the greatest conceivable victory in an absurd or irrational universe.

OTHELLO
(Scenes from Acts IV and V)

Othello	Robert Ringer
Desdemona	Victoria Gilman
Emilia	Jean True
Iago	Vincent Skinner
Gratiano	Richard Wright
Montano	David Sanders
Lodovico	John Perry
Cassio	Charles Martin
Gentlemen	Rev. Charles Hegarty Anthony Sipp

Scene: A room in the castle; Desdemona's bedchamber

Director: John G. Cotter
Stage Manager: Charles Martin
Assistant Stage Manager: Mary Best

A SLIGHT ACHE
By
Harold Pinter

Edward	Sheldon Frome
Flora	Kay Kaufman
Matchseller	John Haskell

Scene: A country house

Director: John G. Cotter
Stage Manager: Robert Kauffman
Assistant Stage Manager: Barbara Hinton

A SLIGHT ACHE is produced by special arrangement
with ACTAC, Ltd., London, England.

Lighting design for all three plays:
Douglas Maddox

CREWS

Lights Donald Miller
Suzanne Sheffer

Props David McLean

Stage Robert Atwood, Roland Dale
Richard Geldard, Finn Jensen
Thomas Kelly, Christian Ravndal
William Tadler

Costumes Mary Best
Rosalie Kichline
Jean True
Lucille White

Scenery Construction Robert Atwood, Jean Baker
Roland Dale, Dutton Foster
Richard Geldard, John Haskell
Finn Jensen, Walter Johnson
Thomas Kelly, Jeannette McConnell
David McLean, Donald Miller
Hunter Mulford, James Percival
John Perry, Christian Ravndal
Peter Schoffstall, Suzanne Sheffer
William Tadler, Donald Trimmer
Richard Wright

Make-up Nancy Arrowsmith
Janet Lipschultz
Suzanne Person
Karen Pinter
Jean True

FACULTY PRODUCTION STAFF

Erie T. Volkert	Director
Chandler A. Potter	Scene Designer
Douglas Maddox	Technical Director
John G. Gotter	Props and Sound

THE BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

Presents

STUDENT PRODUCTION STAFF

Charles Martin, head	Lights
Robert Kauffman, assistant	

Peter Schoffstall, head	Construction
Sheldon Frome, assistant	

Vincent Skinner, head	Painting
David Thornton, assistant	

John Pasanen, head	Properties
Barbara Hinton, assistant	

Theodore Larson, head	Sound
Susan Paluska, assistant	
Robert Bourdette, helper	

Jean True, head	Costumes
Lucille White, assistant	

Jean Baker, head	Make-up
Karen Pinter, assistant	

Robert Freeman	Lyris Hyatt	Ushers
Robert Gallagher	Kathie Smith	
Charles Hegarty	Russell Wall	

B E C K E T

By

Jean Anouilh

Bread Loaf Little Theater
August 5, 6, 7
1965

8:30 P.M.

Our thanks to the Rev. J. P. Mahoney,
St. Mary's Church, Middlebury.

CAST:

King	Joseph Cazalet
Becket	David Griffiths
Archbishop	Richard Geldard
Oxford	David McLean
York	William Tadler
Folliot	Donald Trimmer
First Baron	Hunter Mulford
Second Baron	Dutton Foster
Third Baron	Walter Johnson
Fourth Baron	James Percival
Louis	Donald Hazen
Third Guard	Donald Miller
Young Monk	Roland Dale
First French Baron	Peter Fagan
Second French Baron	Larry Fowler
Pope	Robert Bourdette
Cardinal	Theodore Larson
Page	Sheldon Frome
First Guard	Herbert Meyer
Second Guard	Christian Ravndal
Saxon Father	Finn Jensen
Saxon Girl	Suzanne Sheffer
Gwendolen	Jayne Hanley
French Girl	Judith Gordon
Provost Officer	Michael Black
French Priest	James Coughlin
French Choir Boy	Robert Lillibridge
Queen Mother	<i>David</i> Jean Baker
Young Queen	Jeannette McConnell
First Monk	Norman Smith
Second Monk	Robert Atwood
English Priest	Robert Kauffman
Prince 1	Peter Price
Prince 2	James Cubeta
Saxon Boy	Charles Vigilante

SCENES:

Act I, Scene i	The Cathedral
ii	The King's room
iii	A council chamber
iv	A forest
v	A Saxon hut
vi	Becket's room
Act II, Scene i	Outside the King's tent
ii	The King's tent
iii	Becket's room
iv	Street in France
v	The sacristy
vi	Becket's room
vii	The palace
viii	Outside the church
ix	The Episcopal palace
x	The palace hall
Act III, Scene i	The French court
ii	The Pope's palace
iii	A cell
iv	The French court
v	On the plain
vi	The banquet hall
vii	Becket's room
viii	The Cathedral

This play is produced by special arrangement
with Samuel French, Inc.

This production is a part of the program
of the Institute in Dramatic Arts and Literature
this summer at the Bread Loaf School of
English.

August 5, 6, 7, 1965

- Program Note -

Consistent with the plan of the Bread Loaf NEA Institute in Drama, our production of BECKET explores further the possibilities of using the thrust stage as a means to artistic and economical staging of difficult major theater works. Having experimented with a modern one-act play and portions of a Greek and a Shakespearean play in our first program, we now subject this form of staging to the ultimate test of a modern play with thirty-five characters and twenty-five scenes.

By its nature, thrust staging focuses attention on the actor and minimizes the need for scenery. Thus, multi-scene plays are made financially feasible for schools with limited budgets and scene-building manpower. Further, the several areas for action permit rapidity and fluidity in changing from scene to scene, reducing substantially the waits during scene changes and ultimately the length of the total performance.

In this production we are also testing to what extent detailed (and expensive) costuming and elaborate makeup are needed in communicating the essence of a period costume play. Each of these areas of production has been reduced to a symbolic minimum. The end product is both a challenge to the performer and an invitation to the audience to view with imagination.

Production Assistant

Dorothy Kuryloski

Stage Manager

Janet Lipschultz

Assistant Stage Manager

Carol Compton

Crews:

Lights

Robert Kauffman, Thomas Kelly
Alice Knox, Charles Martin
Ludlow North, Elizabeth Pole
Peter Sanders, George Wood

Props

Barbara Hinton, John Pasanen
Margaret Price, Jean Watson

Costumes

Mary Best, Virginia Coale
Janette Lewis, Robert Ringer
Jean True, Jean Watson
Lucille White

Make-up

Nancy Arrowsmith
Jean Baker
Karen Pinter

Scenery Construction

Mary Best, Roland Dale
Dutton Foster, Larry Fowler
Judith Gordon, John Haskell
Donald Hazen, Finn Jensen
Walter Johnson, Donald Miller
James Percival, John Perry
Robert Ringer, Charles Shaffert
Richard Wright

Stage

Mary Best, John Haskell
John Perry, Robert Ringer
Charles Shaffert, Richard Wright

Thanks to Peter Cole for special horn effects.

A CONCERT

BY

THE BREAD LOAF MADRIGAL CONSORT

Tuesday, August 10, 1965, 7:00 p.m.

Director: Mrs. Margaret Freeman

THE PROGRAM:

Sing We and chant it

Thomas Morley
(1557-1603)

April is in my Mistress' face

Thomas Morley
(1557-1603)

Flora gave me fairest flowers

John Wilbye
(1574-1638)

The silver swan

Orlando Gibbons
(1583-1625)

Rest sweet nymphs

Francis Pilkington
(?-1638)

Matona, lovely maiden

Orlando di Lasso
(1532-1594)

Say, Love if ever thou didst find

John Dowland
(1562-1626)

Weep you no more sad fountains

John Dowland
(1562-1626)

O my heart

Henry VIII
(1491-1547)

Fair Phyllis I saw

John Farmer
(c. 1565-c. 1605)

Bread Loaf School of English
Bread Loaf, Vermont
July 5, 1965

Dear Colleague:

I have been informed by Dr. Stephen A. Freeman, Director of the Language Schools, that beginning with the current session in the Middlebury Summer Language Schools the grades of all graduate students will be reported numerically instead of by letters, as has been the custom in the past.

In order to arrive at some reasonable standard at the Bread Loaf School of English, I suggest that we consider the following scale:

<u>Former Grade</u>	<u>Numerical Grade</u>	<u>Description</u>
A	94-100	Superlative in every way; unusually fine, truly excellent work.
A-	90-93	A distinguished performance.
B+	87-89	Very good work, better than average.
B	84-86	Good work, strong performance, entirely creditable, in the broad middle range of the class.
B-	80-83	Passing, but undistinguished work. A grade of 80 denotes barely passing, hardly satisfactory, just escapes failing.
C	70-79	An unsatisfactory performance, not worthy of graduate credit.
F	50-69	A total failure. Fails to complete the work of the course or fails to respond to the opportunity and responsibility of membership in the class.

A study of the grades at Bread Loaf in recent years suggests that as a normal expectation 20-25% of the class will receive a grade of 90 or better. There is nothing prescriptive in this implication.

It is my hope that the large majority of students at Bread Loaf this

July 5, 1965

summer can achieve a grade of B without undue difficulty. Clearly the crucial grade here is 80. If a weak student has made good progress in your course during the summer and you believe that, on the basis of the evidence you have, he could become a Master's candidate and should be encouraged to continue at Bread Loaf, then it is entirely reasonable to give a grade of 80. If, on the other hand, on the basis of his performance in your course it is your judgment that he should not be continued, it will be both to his benefit and that of the School not to continue to carry him along into future summers.

I hope that, when possible, the faculty can avoid giving grades of 78 or 79, which seem to be painfully equivocating.

You will soon receive a list of first-year students at Bread Loaf. I hope that you will give these students a particularly careful scrutiny.

I shall, of course, be glad to discuss the whole problem of grading and standards at Bread Loaf with you.

Yours,


Paul M. Cubeta, Director

P. S. You will probably still want to assign letter grades to papers and tests even though they must be converted into a final numerical average.

PMC:lb

The Bread Loaf School of English

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

William A. Arrowsmith

August 14, 1965

GRADUATE EDUCATION IN THE HUMANITIES: AN ANTIDOTE

In what follows my purpose is to suggest antidotes - or rather a single massive antidote - for graduate education in the humanities. While I do not regard graduate education in the humanities as pure poison, the degree of poison current in the graduate system is alarming enough to justify calling counter-measures antidotes or purges. I expect to be told that my purge is hopelessly impractical, but this does not deter me. Our present system of graduate education is so much the creature of vested interests and dead tradition, contains so much sheer automatism, snobbery, and prejudice, and so little pertinence to the real needs of men, that any conceivably effective antidote would be too radical to be tolerated by its custodians and beneficiaries. In the circumstances practical agitation - which is my purpose - is best served by speaking transcendently - which I propose to do.

My remarks, I should add, apply exclusively to the humanities, and to the literatures above all (though I think they may be relevant to the arts and philosophy and even to history). With scientific education at the graduate level I have no quarrel. It is obviously effective, and no more barbarous than scientific education at the undergraduate level. With the humanities, however, it is quite different. Here there is almost no agreement whatever. Many humanists - though far from a majority - find it pathetically wanting - timid, unimaginative, debased, inefficient, futile - and even its warmest defenders are perplexed by its transparent lack of vigor and its fatigue. Why are the humanities in such sorry shape?

It is my belief that the humanists have themselves betrayed the humanities. How? Through mistaken loyalty to a cramped and academic sense of order, the humanists have turned their backs on men and expelled the native turbulence and greatness from their studies. Thus the humanities have been distorted, and their crucial, enabling principle - the principle of personal influence and personal example - has been neglected and betrayed in a long, servile imitation

of the sciences. Wherever one turns in humanistic studies, one finds a basic, pervasive "scientism" - a habit of prostration before scientific methods and values and a profound hunger for scientific rigor and results. For most of a century now academic humanists have been greedily domesticating and assimilating scientific procedures, insensibly patterning their research after scientific research, as though imitation were a kind of sympathetic magic which would win them the tangible success of science or at least confer scientific respectability on their efforts. Thus in every humanistic field one still finds the same vogue of objectivity and the same hatred of the subjective: the cult of the fact and the naive faith in the accumulation of data: an obsession with methodology and classification: a profound unwillingness to make normative judgments; a preoccupation with "problems" and the purely informational definition of knowledge. In classical studies the typical monument of the age is still those immense Teutonic encyclopedias in which every known face is embalmed, as though every fact had the value or utility of scientific fact and "knowledge" were a fact-bank. At the lower level are the dreary doctoral dissertations, with their weary prologues on methods-to-be-followed, and their statistical analyses of tropes and metaphors, their patient parsing of the obvious and the irrelevant, and their laboriously trivial discoveries. In musicology or Romance philology, it is the exhaustive monograph: in English, the monumental biography, the complete bibliography, the immense variorum. In less than a century the combined efforts of European and American scholars have produced a corpus of fact so immense and so unedited that it could only be mastered by a lifetime of assiduous study. This is one of the older and less happy results of modern humanistic scholarship: in its effort to elucidate and clarify, it has somehow managed to interpose between us and the texts we study a barrier of knowledge more lush and impenetrable than our earlier ignorance. Worse, modern scholarship seems to have no means of editing itself, of eliminating its own wastes. Having forsworn value judgments, it is reluctant to judge what is valuable and what is waste in

its own works. And so committed has it become to the idea that every scrap of information is useful, and that every discussion of a "problem" or crux must at least be known, if not accepted, that it is literally mired in its own speculations. The commentaries begin to threaten the text; the details destroy the whole. Empson's splendid villanelle comes pat to the point:

Slowly the poison the whole blood stream fills.

It is not the effort nor the failure tires.

The waste remains, the waste remains and kills.

It is the Chinese tombs and the slag hills

Usurp the soil, and not the soil retires.

Slowly the poison the whole blood stream fills.

Not to have fire is to be a skin that shrills.

The complete fire is death. From partial fires

The waste remains, the waste remains and kills.

It is the poems you have lost, the ills

From missing dates, at which the heart expires.

Slowly the poison the whole blood stream fills.

The waste remains, the waste remains and kills.

As the waste and detritus of scholarship accumulate, the burden of ever greater bookishness is imposed upon the latest generation of scholars. The result is self-perpetuating and self-regarding scholarly bibliolatriy - the worship of its own books by the book-learned class who, in Emerson's view, "value books ... not as related to nature and the human constitution but as making a sort of Third Estate with the world and the soul. Hence, the restorers of readings, the emendators, the bibliomaniacs of all degree" - all those, in sum, for whom the activities of the scholar become a kind of virtuosity of erudition flourishing for its own sake. It is not, of course, that scholars have become newly vain - of all the scholar's passions vanity is surely the

oldest and most consuming - but that their "scientism" and their uncritical commitment to bookish work have involved them in a vanity of busyness and productivity which has no longer any rhyme or reason, and which is as futile and compulsive as the arms-race. Wherever one looks in American universities, the only conceivable prospect for research is one of fantastic acceleration and indiscriminate expansion. The explosion of the college-population requires a vastly increased supply of professors; "qualified" professors hold the doctorate; the doctorate is training in research; hence more dissertations, more research, more bibliolatry, etc. What is now intolerable can only become worse; the bibliolatry and scientism from which the humanities now suffer will increase for the simple reason that nobody cares, or is willing, to stop it. Universities, after all, compete for researchers, and as the competition between universities becomes keener, the emphasis upon, and the prestige of, research must necessarily increase. Administrators must go along with the process or their universities will become losers at a very critical time; moreover, any failure to promote research now must inevitably mean loss of those government funds which constitute so large a proportion of the science budget in American universities. And any drastic reduction in the science budget will also inevitably reduce the budget for the humanities. As for the professional societies, they are, of course, managed and run by those scholars who have the largest stake in professional research; offices in the major professional societies almost always go to scholars whose research has won them distinction nationally. As such they form a natural professional Establishment, and the societies they manage are, where research is concerned, not merely interested parties but extremely formidable lobbyists - lobbyists, let it be said, no more scrupulous and no less self-righteous than other lobbyists. And more and more the professor is loyal to his professional society rather than to his faculty or his university. For in the world of research it is the societies and their prizes and gossip which assign him his status. Deans and presidents and

college opinion are now merely minor local deities, almost powerless to touch a man who is honored by his profession, whether rightly or wrongly. What these facts mean is that almost nobody - and certainly nobody with the power to affect events - is willing to oppose the process of acceleration. Research has become a juggernaut which every conceivable force - the national interest, professional self-interest, the fierce competition for faculty and prestige among universities - seems to favor and none to prevent. Worse still, a naive professional optimism - perhaps one more example of the influence of the sciences on the humanities - assumes that everything is somehow happening for the best, even though the attempt to control and create educational policy seems to have been abandoned.

Thus we face a prospect of revolutionary acceleration in research and an immense expansion of graduate education at a time when the humanities seem to be deeply fatigued or perplexed. Not everyone will agree to this diagnosis, but it seems to me lamentably accurate. There is simply nothing happening these days in the humanities; over the whole field there lies a question-mark. No new energy is visible, and the old energies have either withered or turned tyrannous in their old age. In philosophy the analysts are not only senile but greedy; they identify what they do as the only conceivable activity of modern philosophy; but they have in fact abandoned the humanities. In literature almost nothing has happened since the New Criticism - and the New Criticism was old hat twenty years ago; linguistics, true, has invaded the study of language, but this is nothing more than a scientific incursion into the humanities, a generally unwelcome one, I think. In the most backward disciplines - classics and musicology - almost nothing has happened at all; not even criticism, much less the New Criticism. A pompous, complacent, and narrow-minded Establishment rules classical studies; it exalts Teutonic scholarship, textual criticism, and traditional philology; those classicists rash enough to evince a critical interest in literature are darkly dismissed as Comparative Literature men, not true classicists at all. Classics is, of course, exceptionally retrogressive,

but throughout the humanities - with the possible exception of History and a few pockets of enlightenment - there is generally a sense of having reached an impasse, of being at odd ends, or at the end of an era, with no future goal yet in sight and nothing to do except rehearse the old activities. This sense of impasse is based, I believe, upon a growing realization that the materials of humanistic scholarship are not inexhaustible, and that the old mines have mostly been worked out. True, there are still texts to be edited, manuscripts to be unearthed, philological notes to be written, and bibliographies to be compiled. But by and large the essential philological and historical work has been done. We have reached the point of diminishing returns at a moment when the demand for research and scholarship is about to triple.

This, of course, cannot be proved; but the poverty of humanistic research suggests it strongly. That humanistic scholarship is weak and generally inferior to scientific research seems to me beyond any reasonable doubt. In classical studies it is my impression that ninety percent of what is published both in book-form and in the learned journals is simply not worth publication. The conclusions presented show that the research was trivial in the first place, or that the contribution to knowledge was inconsequential. The major activity is, of course, the reediting of texts, but it is a rare new text which vindicates the cost of setting it up. Typically published research shows a quite revealing expansion; the actual argument or contribution itself may consume no more than a fraction of the total space; the rest is taken up by a parade of learning - indications of familiarity with the history of the problem, citations to show expertise whose real purpose is to establish the scholarly credentials of the author. Each contestant proudly bears the blazon of truth and affects an old-world manner; but such is the blaze of malice beneath the device that no courtesy or credit is given or offered. Credit is credentials: you expose your credentials to hostile scrutiny, a deliberate ordeal of scholarly fortitude. Half of every journal is filled with these unlovely exercises, all exacted by the

scholarly code; the other half of the issue is announcements, lists of membership, and unpretentious obituaries. Doubtless I exaggerate, it will be said. Doubtless I do. But in general my statement is sound. An alarmingly high proportion of what is published in classics - and in other fields - is simply rubbish or trivia. An alarming percentage of the subsidized books published by university presses have no business being published. An alarming number of the humanistic projects which yearly receive grants, fellowships, stipends and support are not worth supporting. They represent the commitment of a given institution or university to support the humanities, in spite of the fact that the project is palpably unsound, or doubtful, or dull.

This impoverishment is in some sense due to the state of impasse into which humanistic studies have fallen. But the real reason for it is a simple but overwhelming fact: we have trained as scholars men who are not fit to be scholars; or who are fit to have other fates; we then compound the injury done these men by demanding that they continue to fulfill a fate for which they were not made. Our generous subsidies to humanistic research are a desperate attempt to sustain our own delusions. Having trained men to be scholars, we must continue to maintain them as productive scholars - by providing them with the machinery to do the work we insist they do, They must, as we say, publish or perish - which means that they perish either way, by being compelled to do what they lack talent or the wish to do. There is no more sickening spectacle in the modern university than that of men whose very natures have been violated in order to suit the requirements of a system whose reasonableness and value have never yet been ascertained. Very few men are fitted by nature or bent to become scholars; the world is large; men have different gifts. I do not myself regard the scholar's fate as one of the higher human fates, though I admire great scholars. Humanistic scholarship suffers now from the fact that those constrained to play the part of scholars necessarily reflect little credit on the part they play. It is these reluctant scholars whose efforts, born of constraint and willful persistent hope,

lack vigor; and it is their efforts which fill the learned journals, deaden the air at learned conventions, and fill the seasonal lists of the university presses.

But the damage to scholarship is nothing in comparison to the human waste involved. Most of these quasi-scholars are men of real intelligence, men of gifts and talent; but they are men who, for the most part, happen to share the illusions of the wretched academic system they serve. They too typically believe that the humanities aim exclusively at "knowledge"; secretly they really do think that it is important to publish, perhaps because they do not. Tormented by failure and doubt, they wonder why they should have failed to become the men that everyone - the dean, their colleagues, their society, their wives, their students - say they should be. It is one of the more common and tragic wastes of human talent. Three out of four men in academic life are the victims of this wasteful and terrible system; not more than one academic man in four has the stigmata of the born scholar. Three out of four men you meet in academic life are quite simply unfulfilled - a fact which accounts for much that is saddening and enervating in universities.

The commonest account for the intellectual poverty of the humanities is, of course, physical poverty. Humanists never tire of telling you of their pathetic share of the university budget: and they are right to complain. There is certainly no evident reason why they should have as little as they do, and the scientists so much. I think, for instance, of graduate fellowships. But the trouble with the humanities is not lack of money; and any large sums spent indiscriminately on humanistic research of a conventional sort would at the present time, I think, be money poorly invested.

The humanities suffer less from lack of funds than from lack of organizational intelligence and committed and coherent action. Any effort to help them that does not begin by asking how the humanities differ from the sciences, and how these differences should be institutionalized and heeded, is, I think,

doomed to failure. Almost all of our present problems derive from our acting as though the humanities and the sciences were similar, sharing different but comparable goals, and different but comparable methods. If I am right, we have done inestimable damage to the humanities by misunderstanding their central principle - personal example - and forcing them to fit the pattern provided by the sciences. We have now institutionalized these misunderstandings, since the humanities are now almost identical with 'educational' programs, especially those of the graduate school, which casts its baleful shadow over the undergraduate curriculum as well. This is why I cannot share the enthusiasm for a National Foundation in the Arts and the Humanities analogous to the National Science Foundation. Any further institutionalization is to be avoided. The danger is not, of course, governmental interference (which is outlawed by the terms of the bill) but the virtual certainty that the National Foundation will duplicate the misunderstandings and deadnesses already institutionalized in the universities. There can be little doubt, for instance, that professional societies would conceive one of the functions of such a foundation to be the channeling of government monies into conventional humanistic research; similarly, it is almost certain that the same professional oligarchies which now dominate the learned societies and the universities would dominate the Foundation. The effect, in short, would be to institutionalize all the deadnesses of the humanities; and the solidity provided by generous support would guarantee that the deadness would be permanent. The humanities would become a Byzantine foundation, and the arts would suffer a parallel fate by contagion.

II

I have no wish to present here a complete account of the shortcomings of graduate education. The chief complaints - the wretched pedantry, the meanness of motive, the petty rancors of rivalry, the stultifying professionalism - are as familiar as the air we breathe. We ourselves endured it and now, intelerably,

we impose it on others. It is an old story, best avoided. But several matters are worth mention.

The most remarkable and agonizing feature of graduate education is, I think, the gulf between one's studies and one's life, between what we read and how we live. Our studies are alienated from our lives and - such is our professionalism - we are usually required to side with our studies against ourselves, against our lives. We begin, as graduate students, to live professionally, and there is almost always a severe and personal loss. We become a little less human, we lose our involvement in the present - which is to say we lose a fundamental part of our natural turbulence. Alternatively we compartmentalize our lives and keep something like banker's hours with the books; the rest of the day is our own. But for the first time one feels a real gulf. An example may serve. Personally I have always preferred teaching undergraduates to candidates for the Ph.D. This is because I find undergraduates generally more serious. The undergraduate still acts as though he were a single human being, still integrated; he asks that what he learns should have some pertinence to his life; he acts as though the present really mattered. He can be touched by the urgency of experience in a book or a man, even when that experience lies beyond his own. It is therefore good to teach him, since his demands show us what is urgent, present, and serious in ourselves. Turbulence speaks to turbulence here; a good student can make a responsive teacher recover a turbulence that had somehow been tamed or quieted. With the graduate student it is different; he is already halfcorrupted by the fate he has chosen, the fate which makes him a graduate student. He wants knowledge and information; he has examinations on his mind, and hence tends to conform to his professor's expectation of him - the fate they have jointly chosen and now jointly enforce. The resentment they both frequently feel is their resentment of this mutual fate. For the graduate student the undergraduate's lucky intergration is no longer possible - or if it is, god help him! The present is now less insistent for him; he has chosen to know rather than to be,

and the loss of turbulence in him is vivid. For a man with the gift of life, that loss is like castration; the best leave rather than suffer it. Others grit their teeth and will their way through. Perhaps I exaggerate, but I think not. This, I believe, is what often happens in the training of the professional humanist; an essential dimension of the humanities is killed in him. If he is lucky and is given serious students later, he may recover the seriousness he has lost; but natural curiosity too may cause him to become a small scholar and a learned but a shallow man. Research will probably keep him shallow.

My point is this: The great curse of the humanities is the kind of professionalization which has overtaken them. Professionalization is not in itself a curse; what is fatal to the humanities is that they have been professionalized as though their end and purpose were the same as that of the sciences. The sciences aim at knowledge, and the student in the sciences is appropriately an apprentice, his professor a craftsman or technician. Method is of the essence; the professor teaches a skill, and the typical instruments of graduate education - the seminar, the supervision of the small group working on a problem, the research paper which culminates in the probatory essay, the dissertation, the emphasis upon thoroughness, precision, and accuracy - are all beautifully adapted to the purposes of scientific education. The whole purpose of the education is to enable the professor to transmit his skills and techniques to his apprentices, and the wisdom and knowledge he possesses is a craftsmanship. In a well-known essay Bronowski spoke of science and the human values it created, but the values he claimed were taught by science are without exception the values of the master-craftsman. They are impressive values, but they cannot help a man to live or die well. Only the humanities can do that, as Bronowski himself admits.

The humanities, then, have suffered a professionalization which has imposed on them the methods, values, goals, and techniques of the sciences. One can perhaps understand historically how this came about. An epigrapher, for instance, is not really a humanist at all; he is a technician whose techne is a handmaiden

to the humanistic discipline of history. This is what archaeologists have unwisely allowed themselves to become, and the same, I imagine, is true of the palaeographer and the bibliographer and other technicians. Their delicate, technical skills serve the humanities, but are basically scientific. When, in the heyday of the Johns Hopkins revolution, the modern graduate curriculum was devised, these technical skills moved from the fringes of the discipline and gradually usurped the place of the discipline. Philology usurped the place of literature; scientific archaeology pushed humanistic archaeology aside, and so on. In the course of time the ancillary techniques came to be primary and then gradually became the discipline itself. In this way the major humanities were subverted and turned into the quasi-sciences they have become in our graduate schools.

If I am right, the form in which the humanities are studied and organized in our universities is profoundly alien to their nature. Scientific scholarship pursues knowledge, and so do the semi-scientific subskills of the humanities, such as epigraphy, and so on. The purpose of the humanities is not "knowledge" - in the common sense of that word. What separates them from the sciences is above all the personal influence at which they aim; first, through the teacher as an emulator of the work he teaches - and therefore the student's model of the meaning of the subject; the second, by personal emulation of what is taught - the discipline of the classical work, the example of the classical hero. The humanist is his subject, he is inextricably involved with it; he is a witness to its power and value. His scholarship is valuable but secondary. The more he knows the better; but the function of the scholar in the humanities is to be what he knows; to take, in short the contagion of greatness in the best way he can and to pass it on, first by personal example, and then, if possible, by the written word.

A civilized and humanized man is the only ostensive definition of the

humanities; the evidence of the text we study, a living example of the meaning and value of what he teaches. What he is persuades or compels the student's assent to the human necessity of the text, its humanizing power. It is this man's experience that the student admires, respects, envies, tries to grasp by grasping what he believes to be its ultimate source - the work, the text, the poem, the play. He may be wrong but the impulse is natural and right; if the good teacher is not himself a great man, he has at least the stigmata of a man who would like to be great. And this is a good thing, especially to a student who has, let us reasonably suppose, a hunger for greatness himself. What he lacks is experience, a knack of thought, a skill of feeling, a style of being. This is what draws him to this man, which makes him submit enthusiastically to personal example and influence. It is in this sense that teachers and scholars are mediators. It is because they have seen something that they can talk to those who may have seen less, but who want to see more. As Ophelia says, "I have seen what I have seen, see what I see." Dionysiac tragedy, is addressed to those who have suffered, or who can understand what it is to suffer, Dionysiac turbulence - to those who are involved in living. All scholars stand on tiptoe to reach a great book; only the tallest among them ever see the work. And their students should stand on tiptoe toward them, as they to the work. In this way the same current of sympathy is generated downward, that in Plato's Symposium flows from Diotima down the ladder of vision to those below. The loss of any stage in the scale of sympathy is a fatal break, and it is this break that has come in the humanities, between the classics and their scholars, between scholars and students, and between the classics and the quality of our culture.

In sum, what the undergraduate, the serious undergraduate, demands of what he reads and of his teacher is, in fact, fully in accord with the nature of the humanities. It is not knowledge he wants, but experience - the experience whose form he can grasp by standing on tiptoes and following the urgency of the man

who talks to him. The man who teaches him is a record of the experience he wants to make his own; in the man he sees what it means to have had this experience. Without the teacher the experience would no more exist, could no more be vouched for, than a quartet could be heard without the musical instruments by those who cannot read music. I realize this is hard language, but I cannot stop for that reason. The sciences are, if you like, pure Apollonian knowledge; glittering, hard, clear, comprehensible; the intellect grasps them. The humanities are largely Dionysiac or Titanic; experience is their nature; they cannot be wholly grasped by the intellect; they must be suffered: felt, seen, experienced. It is this Titanic quality - the inexpressible turmoil of our animal, emotional life - that explains the turbulence of the humanities: it is an experience of other chaos matched by our own chaos; we see the form and order not as pure and abstract but as something emerged from chaos; something which has suffered into being. The humanities are always caught up in the actual chaos of living, and they also emerge from that chaos. If they touch us at all, they touch us totally, for they speak to what we are too. So too the exemplary teacher of the humanities speaks to his student's whole nature; the teacher's skilled and urgent humanity show him as sufferer and master of the experience he teaches. He compels assent by being the man he is. He has come through!

Experience; personal influence; example; the teacher as witness to what he teaches - how in the world can something like this be accommodated in formal studies? Should it be accommodated at all? To this question let me answer roughly and quickly, Yes, it must be accommodated. Nothing but desolation has come from the old insistence that the undergraduate is educated for life, and the graduate student is educated for knowledge. The divorce between undergraduate and graduate education is an absurdity, sustained now only for practical and historical reasons. We have made the costly mistake of forcing our graduate students in the humani-

ties into the common mold of the publishing and productive scholar. In order to do this, we have devised a system of ruthless and stultifying professionalism, and buttressed that system with every incentive and deterrent that could be imagined. And we have now the reward of our efforts - a system in which the humanities have become alienated from the life of the student and the teacher, and in which dead order seems everything.

How can this be corrected? If I am right, "scientism" in the humanities has come to a dead end with the completion, more or less, of what scientific techniques can do with the available evidence. Humanistic scholarship, even in the old sense, will of course continue; new material will come to light, and old material will be revalued. Scholarship is an old and valuable habit of the human mind, even in its Teutonic form; it deserves to be continued. But it cannot continue in the form in which most humanistic research is now carried out or in which most doctoral candidates now win their wings. The mind has other habits too. Scientific scholarship must be completed by other skills. One of these is, in literature and ideas, criticism. By "criticism" I do not mean that thin and anemic academic version of the New Criticism which flourishes now in the American university. I mean rather what R. P. Blackmur, the best of our critics, called the "formal discourse of the amateur." By this Blackmur intended a free and unindoctrinated habit of mind, provisional and complex according to the nature of its subject, a habit of mind based on knowledge and love. A criticism, in short, adapted to the nature of the work of art, to the turbulence of the living, expanding, thing, "not merely to its 'order' or 'structure'". Add criticism, then, - criticism not as a discipline but as a kind of general civilized discourse - and educated amateur's discourse - to scholarship, defining both generously. Add too the need for the virtues of the amateur as opposed to the specialist.

What then? Then, it seems to me, we must take the large step, and attempt to permit, through a variety of possible studies and even degress, the chief

forms of the humanistic intelligence to realize themselves. We must, I think, take the risk of assimilating everything we can of the creative spirit - the writer, painter, poet, and musician. At present universities permit the artist to live, more or less as a tolerated outsider or freak, on the fringes of the academic community. But the time has come when the process of assimilation must be radically speeded up, and the domination of the humanistic faculties by the traditional scholars overthrown. I am not suggesting that the scholars should be expelled from the university, or that the universities should become artistic seminaries. But I am convinced that the decay of the humanist's function, and the terrible overproduction of unhappy and incompetent scholars, is the fatal weakness in the modern university. And to desert the scholar for the artist, since the artist speaks to the student as a serious man committed to the present.

This state of affairs then, - this increasing transfer of student loyalty and esteem from the humanist to the artist - should be legitimized. If the artist or scholar-poet has usurped the teacher's function - as I think he largely has - then he is the educator. Let him be it. At the same time the humanists should be encouraged to recover their own tradition by being liberated from their Procrustean training and their cramped sense of vocation. True scholars should be freed from the Babylonian captivity which scholarship now suffers, and the false scholars or non-scholars who are now the overwhelming majority in every university - should be freed to find acceptable fates, preferably within the university. In the meantime every conceivable emphasis should be placed upon the teacher on whose ability to incarnate his subject rests the crucial and peculiar power of the humanities.

Let the scholars and the artists compete on equal terms. At the moment the artist is, as I have said, a barely tolerated freak on the fringes of the academic world. And the academic world is uncongenial to the artist because it is dominated by men who, for the most part, have no stake in the present and who often dislike or even despise the imagination. The university as presently

constituted is no place for an artist, unless he happens to be in at least a part of himself, a scholar. Awards for artistic activity are not enough; any university which wants to recover the turbulence of the humanities must have the courage to choose men who are committed to the present as well as the past. And it must have the courage to choose these men in sufficient numbers that the traditional balance is destroyed. If we are to have artists in the universities, we must have them in sufficient number to ensure the turbulence we need.

I realize these proposals are impractical and even romantic, but they are necessary, if we believe that the peculiar nature of the humanities can or should find appropriate academic expression. To my mind there are three distinctive types of humanistic intelligence; three gifts of the spirit. The first is that of the teacher, whose technique is not showmanship but a power of being; on him is set the burden of showing the force of reality in a work or a book or a classic. It is because he bears, unmistakably, the mark of that influence, that he has the power to influence others. He is what he teaches; he is the living evidence of the miraculous experience he has suffered; he is, in the language of Plato's Phaedrus, the visible incarnation of his god, the god who provides him with the ideal pattern by which he educates and is educated himself. Second is the artist. Like the teacher, he has the power of making experience compelling and mythical. Not all artists, of course, will be attracted to universities, nor should all be sought. The artist I have in mind is above all an emulator. He can study or teach English literature because he knows it from competing against it; or he may prefer the contest with the ancient classic. Each man's spirit stirs to a difference in the challenge or the source will define his academic home. His whole purpose is to outdo the past, and he comes to the university because in order to outdo the past, he must first know it. This he can presumably learn from the scholars, hopefully a new breed, who may be able to show him better than contemporary scholars the immense turbulence of the past. In this sense of competition between past and present, this

creative emulation, a whole graduate curriculum can be discovered and justified.

The description of such a curriculum is, of course, beyond the scope of this talk. Let me say here merely that I do not cast out the suggestion unadvisedly. The one great experiment that has never been tried in our times is this - the deliberate adoption of the idea of emulation as the very basis of education and culture. True, scholars now compete against scholars, and artists; but I see no sign that the present has ever, apart from the sciences, seriously considered a comprehensive cultural tilt against the past. We like to say we possess the historical sense, but our sense of the past is either so worshipful or so contemptuous that the possibility of competing against it has never yet been taken seriously. But the very premise of all our philology is that the past is valuable to our lives and the quality of culture. There are books so valuable that generations of scholars are, we think, well occupied in keeping the texts pure and uncontaminated. Scholarship thus mediates the past. But mediated it for what and to whom? It is no longer clear. We must find room in our universities and in the humanistic curriculum for those who are capable of acting upon a pure text, of competing significantly against the greatness scholarship is presumably so busily preserving. It is, after all, in action as well as contemplation that a sense of identity is to be discovered - that identity which, we are always being told, moderns and the modern world are both dying for the lack of. And we find identity in action, in taking an older paradigm of greatness and deliberately proposing to outdo it, some high standard against which to measure our failures and achievements. We are, or should be, always in competition with the classic; that is the humanist's business; he has no other. This the Christian fathers vied against, competed against, classical paideia in an attempted transvaluation whose heart was conscious competition - a new Homer, a more saintly Socrates, Augustine's City of God as the supersession of both Plato's Republic and the secular urba aeterna. So too the Renaissance competed against the classical part, first in imitation, later in real rivalry.

So too in the ancient world generation competed against generation and hero against hero. Here, for instance, is Plutarch's Theseus; "Theseus had long been secretly fired by the glorious valor of Heracles and made the greatest account of that hero, and was a most eager listener to those who told what manner of man he was. And it is quite obvious that Theseus felt what many generations later Themistocles felt, when he said he could not sleep for thinking of Miltiades trophy. In the same way Theseus admired the arets of Heracles until his nightly dreams were all of the hero's achievements, and by day his ardor led him on and spurred him on in his purpose to do as much." So too Alexander emulated Achilles, as did Sophocles' heroes; so Vergil emulated Homer, and Milton, Vergil; so too Eliot has, like Sartre, emulated Aeschylus and Euripides. Win or lose, this emulation is the spirit which, it seems to me, our universities must adopt, quite openly and unreservedly, if the humanities are not to perish of professional piety or arrogance - the air of reverential hush that overtakes the classics in the classroom - or a secret, patronizing, professional contempt, the attitude that a scholar's business is only to ('know') and that his knowledge is useless for his own life or anybody else's. Our professors and graduate students now compete only for professional plums - ever fatter professorships and fellowships; when it comes to their lives, they live as unclassically, as untouched by the humanities, as any barbarian. They are, almost all of them, the worst possible witnesses to the value of what they profess. And they will not become adequate witnesses until they once again take the risk of competing, both professionally and personally, against the thing they study - their studium, their desire and love.

Imagine, then, three humanistic fates, each corresponding to what might be called the fundamental types of human experience, three different humanistic saints, each with a different gift of the spirit. A spectrum - but not a hierarchy - of possibility showing three distinct conditions of being. At the intellectual or Apollonian end of the spectrum is the Scholar. His gift is quick,

ready intelligence; an athletic mind and a vast memory; he is an orderer and conceptualist. He is the true intellectual of the academic world. When he errs, it is because his intelligence is too quick and too cruel; it bypasses experience. At the opposite end, the Dionysiac or Titanic pole, stands the Teacher or the Activist, a man whose characteristic mode is his radiance of being. He is all experience, a man who visibly suffers for his experience, and who guarantees the truth of what he knows by being what he is. He is no great intellect perhaps, but he is totally persuasive, with the eloquence of a great mime. His body speaks. Between the Scholar and the Teacher stands the Artist, the man in whom vision Titanic and Apollonian meet, fused in a compelling tension. What in him is intellect emerges as formal power, exactly adapted to the chaotic turbulence of his experience. These three types stand on a common level. Since all are necessary, none is higher or lower than any other. The figurative and Nietzschean character of this metaphor renders it perhaps doubtful. But I am satisfied if my point is clear. Others will propose different definitions. There is a spectrum of different possibilities, and each variant fate deserves its honor and fulfillment. The sciences are basically, I think, all Apollonian; They must always seek knowledge - though the scientist's personal life may be no less creative or turbulent than the humanist's. They offer only one kind of fate - that analogous to, but not identical with, the humanistic Scholar in my spectrum. But the humanities are more various and require, for a statement of the truth, that every possibility be realized, that every mode of the mind and body be set into full and loving use. This is not ~~our~~ present usage, but our present usage has demonstrated its bankruptcy. There is no reason why my metaphor of three possible fates should not be translated into academic practice. I find no difficulty in imagining a program of study for each type, nor difficulty in imagining a man who incarnates the type. We can even invent degrees for them if we must. But until we realize a university in which these types can emerge as men, with equal dignity of opportunity and fate, until we can devise a curriculum in which

Men can use the whole of their natures and the whole of their knowledge and passion, "academic" will remain a synonym for the incomplete and futile man of great possibility.

Let me close with a few personal words, in the hope of persuading you that all this polemical talk has pertinence and a point, and an application of importance.

It would, of course, be embarrassing for me to praise Bread Loaf to you, its graduates and enthusiasts and masters; no critic likes to backtrack in public. But I too like the Mountain and its amenities - what the catalogue somewhat roguishly calls its "casual serenity and natural leisure." It is a good and a pleasant place - rather like Yale without New Haven. But I sometimes wonder if all the bucolic praise the place inspires doesn't blind us to its importance; if the bucolics aren't often just so much pastoral compensation for a felt lack of importance, for the sense that Bread Loaf is pretty but ... quaint. A kind of educational Covered Bridge. I sometimes fear that its admirers would prefer to have it this way, in reverence to its past. And this seems to me regrettable, for Bread Loaf looks to me like a place of importance. In American graduate education it is unique, and its uniqueness does not lie in its setting or students or staff or the genius loci, but in its freedom from the pressures and professionalization that are destroying humanistic education at the graduate level in this country. At Bread Loaf the humanities survive the instructional process, and this is a fact of crucial importance.

Let me put it personally. When I first came to Bread Loaf I was inclined to take a somewhat amused and skeptical attitude toward its apparent notion of "graduate" education. What I mostly did in the classroom seemed to me pretty much what I did among undergraduates in Texas, and I unconsciously downrated it for that reason. It is often difficult, even with the best will in the world, to preserve ourselves from the unconscious snobberies and assumptions of our environments. I felt, in short, a certain professional condescension toward the

notion of "graduate" study at Bread Loaf. I was, of course, wrong. At Bread Loaf there is none of that invidious and silly distinction between "graduate" and "undergraduate" which elsewhere deforms American education; and the reason is not that the curriculum and instruction are pitched at the undergraduate level, but that these levels cease to exist, or to be meaningful. Students here, unlike graduate students elsewhere, keep alive their loyalty to the present and demand, like undergraduates elsewhere, that the works they read be shown to have some pertinence to their own, and human, life. For this reason - the serious urgency of the better undergraduate, combined with the maturity of the graduate and a splendid freedom from the mutilating aspects of professionalism - teaching at Bread Loaf has an intensity about it that is exceptional and even unique. There is an elation here in a good class which is of a different kind - the elation that comes of real communication, of feeling that the relation is open on both sides, that one can talk about what most matters to those who mostly share your concern and respond with a reciprocal fire. And this seems to me a fact of real importance, the yeast of the Bread Loaf business, and I want to speak of it simply because I think the fact may have escaped others too. I would be disappointed if this point were confused with commencement panegyrics of the place; I am trying to state what seems to me the central fact of the place - this exceptional quick intensity, this vivifying concentration in the teaching. In my judgment the major explanation of the fact is Bread Loaf's freedom from professional pretensions and necessities, the simple, happy opportunity that we have here of concentrating on what lies between teacher and student. For this, freedom from distraction is required, and by and large Bread Loaf is not a distracted place. True, the students pursue degrees, but the very length of time required to take it - those five or six years - makes the degree appropriately unreal and distant and, by so doing, removes any lingering taint of professionalism. What in other graduate schools is mutilated by professionalism and scholarly protocol, what among undergraduates gets attenuated by boredom or immaturity or frivolity, here

survives: the right, lively seriousness. Things, after all, are not ideal here either, and they could doubtless be better. But the wonderful thing is that liveliness and seriousness survive together at all. Teaching here comes remarkably close to being ideal, and Bread Loaf is, I believe, a convincing instance of what might be done in graduate education. What is important about Bread Loaf is not what is traditional and past in it, but its instructive proximity to the right thing, its use for the future.

It is an unhappy time. Education is sick of professionalism, and the humanities are in a sorry way. Everyone admits that almost nobody gets a good undergraduate education, but there is no place in the country where a man can go for a humane or liberal education, once he has ceased being an undergraduate. Our graduate schools exist solely to produce professors, and the sick professionalism of the graduate schools is already perverting undergraduate education. The teacher nowhere enjoys either respect or repute, and in his eclipse the essential dimension of the humanities - their peculiar power of educating by educating by example - has been lost. But at the same time our society is busily creating the leisure which is certain to make education the most desirable of all commodities - or second, at any rate, to amusement and cosmetics - and which will almost certainly create an enormous army of uneducated "graduates", eager to complete the education they never had. Nothing seems to me more certain than the desperate need our society will have of institutions of postgraduate learning which are not professionalized and which truly educate. Those whom these institutions might educate are, as Bread Loaf partly proves, those who are most worthy of education, and most apt to make those demands which would reeducate their teachers and invigorate the humanities. In this task Bread Loaf may provide an interesting small-scale model and play the role of modest pilot, or she may take an active and truly shaping part. The pity of Bread Loaf seems to me its pastoral modesties, and its strain of bucolic unpretentiousness, its pieties of position and tradition. Nobody, least of all myself, would be happy to see

Bread Loaf change her happy rusticity in order to become a mountain version of those graduate factories that clutter the Connecticut valley and elsewhere. But it would be a great pity, it seems to me, if Bread Loaf, having the knack of liveliness and seriousness, should choose peaceful seclusion rather than risk and danger. Achilles would have died of boredom in Skyros, and valor and humanity would have died with him. The pity of Bread Loaf, I repeat, is that it doesn't take the risk of its conviction that what has happened on this mountain matters. The pity is that Bread Loaf is a season that lasts six weeks; that these buildings stand empty - apart from some Dionysiac jinks - for most of the year; that the faculty that has been collected is sent back to perish of smog and committees and academic wheeling-and-dealing; that the Bread Loaf curriculum is so restricted, a matter of much English and some classics; and that outside stand literally thousands of students - and those perhaps the best of all - with no place to go at all. In my mind's eye I see the possibility of a real university here, a place in which the Humanities would be at the heart of things and where the Emersonian Scholar - by which he meant the humanistic Hero - would be at home. It would revive the humanities by rescuing them from professionalism, and restoring to honor every humanistic gift of the Spirit. It could also, I think, manage to survive economically. A grandiose vision perhaps for a small place; but this seems to me to be the daimon and arete of the place. I can think of no higher praise for it, nor for these new graduates.

Bread loaf change her happy reality in order to become a mountain version of those graduate factories that cluster the Connecticut Valley and elsewhere. But it would be a great pity, it seems to me, if Bread loaf, having the knack of fitness and seriousness, should choose pedantic isolation rather than risk and danger. Admittedly would have died of boredom in Skyrus, and valor and humanity would have died with him. The pity of Bread loaf, I repeat, is that it doesn't take the risk of its conviction that what has happened on this mountain matters. The pity is that Bread loaf is a season that lasts six weeks; that these buildings stand empty - apart from some Dischordas links - for most of the year; that the faculty that has been collected is sent back to parish of work and committees and academic wheeling-and-dealing; that the Bread loaf curriculum is so restricted, a matter of such English and some classes; and that outside stand literally thousands of students - and those perhaps the best of all - with no place to go at all. In my mind's eye I see the possibility of a real university here, a place in which the Humanities would be at the heart of things and where the Emersonian Scholar - by which he meant the Humanistic Hero - would be at home. It would revive the humanities by rescuing them from professionalism, and restoring to honor every humanistic gift of the spirit. It could also, I think, manage to survive economically. A grantiose vision perhaps for a small place; but this seems to me to be the halcyon and apex of the place. I can think of no higher praise for it, nor for these new graduates.

AA



BREAD

SCH

O

ENG

19